

Birdman

"Get Ur Shine On"

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(Birdman intro)

Yeah

We gon' go old school

Ya know what I'm sayin

If you from where I'm from

Ya know what I'm talkin' 'bout

The way we do this here

This is a Cash Money classic

And I feel couldn't nobody do it the way I'mma do it

Ya know what I'm sayin'

So, here we go world, I'm bringin' it to your world from
my world

Ya know what I'm talkin' 'bout look I say

(Chorus:Birdman)

Get your shine on {3x}

So nigga stop hatin'

Get your shine on {3x}

You know we gonna make it

Get your shine on {3x}

So nigga stop hatin'

Get your shine on {3x}

You know we gonna make it

(Birdman verse 1)

In one you trust, the neighborhood is us

And everything that I ride is 22s and up

And everytime that I slide, you know I'm platinum plus

Make the hood understand that we trying to come up

24s on trucks, just the neighborhood lust

Tell Lil' One be cool everybody coming up

'Cause everybody wanna ride, everybody wanna shine

So how ya love that people? Everybody on the grind

And these projects cuts ya, ya hood rich livin' lavish

Those 14s, you know we had to have it

Once upon a time it was nothing but magic

Hustling right in front of my mama, Ms. Gladys

Chasin' paper paper chasin', look that's all we know

Comin' through the neighborhood on them 24s

Bet a thousand, shoot a thousand, nigga up it some
more

Fast money, Cash Money, that's all I know one

(Chorus)

(Lil'Wayne verse 2)

They say I walk around like I got an S on my chest
That be that Cash Money piece, flow rest in the deck
I'mma specialist vet, no testin' the best
Be in class, no pencil, no test on the desk
I'll make ya mouthpiece so beast like Delereese
I'm from the south streets of beast like Lil' Weezy
F Baby for the team I rep daily
I come to the defense like Champ Bailey, I'm gone wit it
A chrome kitted, A foam pit in the back of it
Phony tittie bitches come home with me, get the
business
I made bling bling, I'm like a lighthouse
So tuck ya ice in 'cause ye ain't iced out
Pay attention closely, you niggaz can never roast me
'Cause the maker of the Testarossa knows me
Oh he so arrogant, the cocky kind
But you always looking 'cause I'mma shine, that's right

(Chorus)

(Birdman verse 3)

Loud mics and big rims, nigga thats my life
Come through the neighborhood with my homeboy
Price
Let's get it understood, nigga that's my price
Come through the neck of the woods, you be alright
'Cause I'm pimpin', I'm pimpin' pimpin', I'm comin' thru
And I'm dippin', I'm dippin' dippin', them 22s
And they spinnin', they spinnin' spinnin', them
Sprewells nigga
Them Sprewells nigga, we makin' mail nigga
Don't need no introduction in this
I can grind in every ghetto, trying to stay hood rich
You can ask a nigga 'bout me, you know I'm bout my
shit
I was made by guerillas, raised the hot boy click
'Cause I'm the Birdman and I'll do you something bad
You heard man that I been slingin' them slacks
Thats my word man, I gon' stunt nigga
I gon' stunt nigga, I'm gon' stunt nigga, one

(Chorus)

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